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A QUIET, pleasant-faced young lady, with an unassuming air, and no hint of a *modiste's* model in her dress, was introduced to a goodly sized audience in a Chicago church one evening a little time since, and with an at-home-among-friends feeling—upon their part, and evidently upon hers—she talked to them of "The New Chivalry." Not one of all the pleased ones present,—there were no others there,—would have for a moment suspected, had they not known, that this was Miss Willard's "first appearance upon any stage," and as she grew more and more filled with the spirit of the often fervid, frequently piquant, always clever and entertaining, words she uttered, her listeners followed sympathetically. Never for a moment was there a break in the wrapt attention they gave, and at the close the sentiment was universal that this one woman, at least, had been vouchsafed gifts that could only find their fullest expression, and fill their largest possibilities for usefulness, in public places where the gathered thousands might listen to her inspiring and ennobling words, fresh born from lips that of all others are best befitted for their utterance.

BRET HARTE came into the Studio the other day—in fact he has called several times recently—but this last time in the form of a photograph, an exquisite likeness taken from Colby's bust, which is spoken of under the head of San Francisco art news. Judging by the photographs received, giving both a front and profile view, we believe that our San Francisco correspondent has not exceeded the truth in his flattering estimate of the work, or of its creator; and thinking thus, we believe, too, that the art-world owes a debt to the genius of Colby, which was not paid by fitting recognition and encouragement in his life, and so is doubly binding now. A monument of stone is considered the orthodox payment in such a case. But an extract from a private letter, not intended for publication, is painfully suggestive of duties to the living, that will at the same time best meet our obligations to the genius that touched a marble or two into life before leaving us:

"Poor Colby has left a widow without anything save the honor of being the relict of one so rich in genius and gifts, which availed him nothing because of his ill health."

F. S. CHURCH, one of the most talented of the *coterie* of rising Chicago artists, has left this city for New York, where he can enjoy better advantages for study, and hopes to find surer and more immediate encouragement as a designer and engraver on wood. Mr. Church possesses a fund of originality, and that, too, of a sort combining elements of popularity—with rare artistic qualities,—which cannot fail to place him in the front rank of our numerous designers, if, indeed, he shall not himself lead all others to a higher place than has hitherto been reached by any professional in this department. Mr. Church is conscientious and painstaking to a fault, a thorough student, and entirely unhampered by conventionalities of thought and style in others. He seeks for the highest and best in whatever he does, and we keep within the bounds of what seems already assured, in saying—which those who know him best confidently believe—that in his chosen specialty he will be an honor to American Art.

A BRIGHT little elf, with a face for smiles, cheeks for dimples, and lips for kisses; a high forehead and a tangled wealth of curls; like a stray ray of glad sunshine did this sweet picture win a welcome as it slipped from a half-opened letter, and was caught up to be looked at and loved. And like a black shadow, that quickly shut away all the brightness, there fell out a clipping from the same letter,—which we read with eyes dimmed by sudden tears—"Died, Saturday morning, March 25, 1871, at Ludlow, Ky., Corydon Pearl, son of D'wight and Lizzie S. Benton, aged 3 years and 3 months."

A GLIMPSE of wonderful clouds in a distant sky—over the heads of the hurrying people, far beyond the house tops and chimneys. A strange, broken sky, broken and barred, and edged with gold,—the very clouds that Turner loved—radiate and radiant. A lonesome looking man at a thronged street corner stands straining wistful eyes at the vision—wrapt in the revelation made to him alone. And those who perhaps heeded him with a hurried glance, looked instinctively toward where he was looking—and saw only a sky that foretold rain.

THE "little things" that can be done, from day to day, by a person of taste, in the home of a laboring man, will, in satisfactory results, far exceed those which money alone can accomplish in the palatial dwelling place of the employer.

OUR SKETCH CLUB.

A GREAT deal has been written, and much more said, concerning the disposition of all classes of people to go into the business of amateur art critics. But they have never received a tithe of the punching up they deserve, and we propose, right here, to take brief innings at this game ourselves. Mr., Miss, or Madame, whoever and wherever you may be, stop it! Why will you persist in planting yourself before some divine creation of a master hand, and shooting off a string of vapid nothings? Why, do you not know enough to know that art is more than a trade, a profession, or a science, but that it is also a free-masonry, the mysteries of which you most probably know nothing of at all? You do not seek to inform your legal counsellor how to unravel the knotty points of some intricate statute; you do not affect to instruct your family physician in the secrets of tracing the cause of insidious disease; you think that your clergyman understands his sacred calling too well to require any very explicit directions from you; and even down to the butcher, the baker, and the candle-stick maker, you are willing, at all times, to admit that they understand their business better than you. And yet you have the sublime impudence to take up your position in front of some beautiful painting or piece of statuary, and commence a stupid endeavor to tell wherein the creator did too little here, or too much there; why he failed at this point and succeeded at that; why one feature of the work is right and another wrong. Heavens! is the painting of a portrait less of an achievement than the learning of a legal quibble? Is the shaping of a landscape view easier than the administration to a child of a dose of julep? Is it more work to write a sermon than to carve a "Greek Slave?" One would think so. In short, dear Mr., or Miss, or Madame, when you set yourself up as a profound judge of art, without any intuitive or practical knowledge of what you are about, you do so at the risk of a constant exposure of your consummate idiocy.

NOTHING could disturb the good humor of Crawford. Even when the terrible cancer was eating at his eye, giving fearful premonition of its fatally growing venom, Crawford was as urbane and cheerful as when in the possession of the most complete health. Venturing out one beautiful spring morning, at Florence, unattended, he found that the sight of his then remaining eye was already proving painfully treacherous, and turned at once to retrace his steps homeward. Turning a corner suddenly, he happened to jostle rudely up against a lady who was coming in an opposite direction, and whom he ran against before his dazed vision fully took in the unconscious insult. His good nature and politeness asserted themselves instantly, as, bowing courteously, and suggestively touching his shaded eyes, he said, in the best Italian he could muster for the occasion:

"Your pardon, lady! But it is shameful that the Florentine government should allow poor half-blind foreigners to grope about the streets without even a dog to lead them safely out of the path of beautiful women."

APPROPOS of Crawford: It is well known, we believe, that when he was preparing the model for the bronze figure of "America," which now adorns(?) the Capitol at Washington, he was forced to shape the affair rather more in accordance with Quartermaster General Meigs' ideas than from the more correct dictates of his own genius.

"Meigs would like me to pattern my 'America' after the substantial proportions of one of his regimental washerwomen," confidentially asserted Crawford to a discerning friend one day, "but I'll be hanged if I cannot make of her anything more sylph-like than a quartermaster's ideal of majestic feminine beauty; I'll give up the job, and hire the proprietress of some Broadway peanut stand to sit for my model."

But, alas for Crawford's fame in this particular instance! Meigs, backed up by Jefferson Davis, then secretary of war, triumphed, and an amazonian washerwoman surmounts the dome of our national Capitol, as the embodiment of what we are asked to believe is an art representative of our own fair Columbia.

CAN a rapid painter achieve as conscientious work as one who labors slowly? This question has never been publicly discussed, although it is one of the ever-present problems among artists themselves. We are of the opinion that in the eating of the pudding lies the test of its excellence. Put, for instance, the question in another shape. Are not some of the most rapid of our painters ranked among the

best? Dear old Elliot, as honest an artist and as painstaking a man as ever put brush to canvas, could, when necessary, work with marvellous facility. We have seen him finish a perfect portrait in three brief sittings. The wonderful celerity with which Bierstadt labors is a matter almost proverbial, and as careful a worker as is Kaulbach, some of his finest pieces are those that were executed in the shortest time. That an artist may paint with a swift hand to perfect satisfaction would seem to be an often proven fact, although in the great race of forming a picture the tortoise usually distances the hare. He that labors long and lovingly over his easel has but few risks to run, while he that dashes along at a break-neck speed may ruin that which in less hasty hands would have grown into a masterpiece. The slow painter sometimes weakens his work by continued pattering, but the over-active one stands a dozen chances to his more laborious competitor's one, of spoiling his picture.

THORWALDSEN was an excessively neat old gentleman. Passing one day through the ranks of his student artists, at Munich, he playfully touched the unkempt head and dirty beard of one promising young sculptor, who was not remarkable for his attention to personal appearance, and said: "My son, Thorwaldsen cannot benefit you as much as can a barber."

The student, in spite of his carelessness in the matter of cleanliness, appreciated the worth of Thorwaldsen's good opinion, and knowing well the fondness of his teacher for young artists who were inclined to sculptural themes, he slyly answered, "I wished for a model for a statue of good St. Peter, and being too poor to hire, I allow my hair and beard to grow ragged, that I may study from myself."

The old sculptor gazed at him an instant, and then quietly remarked, "Be sure and follow St. Peter, then, in all things, and don't forget to stoutly deny your master."

THE day of the starveling artist is past. He has gone to join the melancholy shades of the hungry poet. Together they gnawed their crusts in the weary attic, and together they wander over the pleasant hills and valleys of a brighter and a more just world. But the artist of to-day, if he be a real artist, is a citizen, having a respected and usually a lucrative calling. He may not flourish in the favor of royal patronage, as in exceptional cases he did of yore, but he lives and works, enjoying the esteem and admiration of his fellow men, and that is considerably better than being forced to paint the coarse features of some ducal patron among a cluster of archangels. He labors for fame and fortune, and in most cases he gets a certain share of each. Better than all the rest, he can see that the world improves, and knows that those that follow in his footsteps shall, in the happy coming time, bless him as an artist who lived in the age when mankind began to appreciate and encourage all members of the great family of artists.

MEISSONIER, who will be remembered in the coming years as the most dramatic painter of the nineteenth century, could not brook adverse criticism upon any of his works for some time after he began to push his way prominently into public notice. It is stated that on reading a somewhat severe, but as was afterward shown, a very just reference to the carelessness exhibited by him in a certain painting, he vowed religiously to devote his time to hunting out the writer of the article, and when found, of preparing a picture of the Last Supper, just for the sake of putting the portrait of the obnoxious critic upon the shoulders of Judas. Michael Angelo's superb revenge of painting an unmistakable likeness of a prelate, who had wantonly offended him, among the tortured dwellers in Tophet, in his magnificent "Last Judgment," was not greatly superior to the refined malevolence of Meissonier's idea.

THE technical terms in which art critics are occasionally prone to revel, often caused a very poorly concealed feeling of disgust in the mind of Washington Allston. He had at one time just completed a sketch of two celebrated Boston musicians, as preparatory studies for portraits, when in lounged a supercilious writer for a daily paper. After a few preliminary carplings, thrown out as friendly skirmishers, the latter observed familiarly:

"Say Wash, old fellow, you need to rub up the 'tone' of your work a little."

Pointing to the embryotic bugle-blowers upon the canvas, Allston snorted, "When those chaps learn to blast color out of an E flat cornet, I'll agree to furnish 'tone,' as you call it, from a paint-brush, and not before!"